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with seamen known for experience and skill, and with passengers hopefully leaving the old land, where competition is rife and everything valuable but man, for more congenial climes, she gaily left the port as if danger was an idle dream. But the storm came, and the giant waves arose in their fury, and nearer and nearer came the black, iron-bound coast, to touch which was death, and the gallant bark became a hideous wreck.

> "Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
> Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave;
> Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
> As eager to anticipate their grave;
> And the sea yawned around them as a hell."

It is the hour of the power of death. There is no hope. Heaven and earth alike seem to refuse their pity and their aid. The only answer to the prayer of the dying, as one after another they are swept away, is the roar of the everlasting sea, as sullenly and relentlessly—sparing neither sex nor age, neither the tenderness of woman, man in his prime, nor the gray hairs of age—it vents its irresistible rage. Like death, you can never satiate the sea. Its cry is still, "More!" Down in its deep lie the loved, the beautiful, the young—the great, the pure, the good. It has gathered to itself, and holds with a miser's clutch, the gems of art, the treasures of nations, the jewels of imperial diadems. Oh, what a revelation will that be, when the command shall go forth, and the sea shall give up its dead!

But the wreck to which we have referred shall yet have its chronicler. One victim is snatched from the jaws of death. The sacrifice of life is not complete. One escapes the common lot. The dog, faithful to his master when all other ties are broken, when all other obligations are torn asunder, rescues him from a watery grave. Possibly just as he was sinking, just as he had become helpless and weary, his faithful companion bears him to safety and life once more. Such cases are not isolated: we have heard of them times without number. They teach us that, if man be but little lower than the angels, many of the animals in faithfulness and courage are but little below man.

And so our hero is once more restored to life. He lies there all consciousless and seemingly dead. But life will come back to him; the red blood will dance in his veins as of old; he will wake up as from a fearful dream. Once more he will rejoice himself in the light of the sun and in the society of his fellows; the world, with its charms, will appear to him as attractive as ever. In a short time, it may be that all the terrors of the scene through which he has passed may be completely erased from his mind. Such is human nature. "What a piece of work is man!"

Men who have been on the point of drowning, and have been saved just before the silver cord was loosened and life became extinct, have told us that in the last moments, before consciousness was gone, all the buried past rose before them in all the reality and majesty of life. Then came back to them childhood with its innocence, the mother with her love, the father with his manly care, the brotherly companionship, the sisterly caress. Then came back to them the passionate love of early youth, the very smiles and words perhaps of one long sleeping in her quiet grave. All that they had ever thought, or felt, or done, or said, seemed at that moment to come back to them at once. If we remember aright, De Quincy states that this was the case with him, in his "Confessions." One moment seems sufficient for the review of a life. With what a lightning glance must the mind review the past! We don't forget things; we only bury them. They lie in our hearts awaiting a resurrection morn. And that body snatched from death has just passed through such a crisis. Out in that roaring sea, with angry winds singing in his ears, or the shrieks of the dying borne onward on the gale, he may have heard the village bells of his boyhood sounding for Christian worship; or he may have listened to his mother's voice; or it may be that his own little ones, sleeping safe on shore, may have come and whispered in his ears; or that in fancy he may have clasped once more to his bosom the wife of his youth, and he may have sunk down pleasantly, with peace in his heart and a smile upon his lip, forgetful all the while of the death following in his wake. Drowning men, we are told, ave Elysian dreams.

Well, it is to be hoped that the seemingly lifeless corpse here may find the waking up equally pleasant, and that he will honour the noble animal to whom he is indebted for his life in a fitting manner. That dog should be kept in clover for the rest of his days; he should wear a brass collar; he should be introduced to the best company; he should become an honorary member of the Royal Humane Society; his portrait should appear in the Royal Exhibition. Why not? Every dog has his day.

In conclusion, our engraving suggests two remarks. Our first is, that Horace was right when he says, that he was a bold man who first trusted himself at sea. Our second is more practical. When you do go to sea, be sure and take a Life Preserver with you. If it be possible, let it be a fine powerful dog, such as we have engraved.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

Of all the interesting sights in and about Portsmouth, perhaps there is none so interesting as this immense establishment; and yet perhaps none is so difficult to describe or to convey an idea of in print as this same dock-yard. Wherever we turn there is something to strike us with wonder. The great dimensions of everything around; the yard itself seeming like a manufacturing town; the immense ships upon the stocks in course of building; the anchors lying along in a continuous line of five or six abreast, and of some 400 or 500 feet in length, and some of them weighing upwards of five tons; cables to match these anchors, some of them the thickness of a man's waist; the masts lying along the floor of the Mast-house, showing themselves in their true size, no longer looking the slender rods we fancy them when seen in the ships; while the "tops," those small (?) platforms placed at the junction of the lower mast and the top-mast, upon which it has often made us giddy to see sailors standing, we now find to be large enough for a very comfortable quadrille. Everything seems magnified. "Manning the yards," too, we had always looked upon as a species of tight-rope performance; to see the sailors standing upright on these mere bits of stick, as they appear, and never falling off, seemed wonderful. But that is over now. We saw at the dock-yard several of these yards lying about. Wonderful to stand upright on those great beams of timber! Nonsense!—we could trot a horse along a considerable portion of their length, and think no great things of our horsemanship after all.

But let us proceed with our inspection of the different departments of this truly wonderful establishment.

Close to the entrance gate is situated the Mast-house. Here, as its name implies, the immense masts of which we have spoken above are made, and also the yards, bowsprits, etc., for ships. These yards and masts are of necessity made of several separate pieces of timber, which are accurately joined together and then hooped with iron, the hoops being put on while hot, so that the contraction of the metal on cooling compresses the whole forcibly together. Hanging up in the Mast-house, the lovers of relics may feast their eyes upon what, with this official guarantee, we suppose we must consider to be a genuine piece of the wreck of the Royal George, sunk at Spithead on the 29th August, 1782. We say we suppose this to be genuine, and as such must look upon it as a rarity; for it is a pretty well-established fact, that enough walking-sticks, snuff-boxes, and other articles have been manufactured from "genuine pieces of the wreck of the Royal George" to build two or three ships of the size of that vessel. However, whether this be genuine or not matters, we suspect, but little; there are things awaiting our inspection far more interesting than any old weather-beaten log of wood, though it were proved to be a genuine relic of the Argo itself, with a bit of the Golden Fleece to be seen adhering to it.

Leaving the Mast-house and proceeding to the left—or, if our readers prefer our speaking geographically—to the west, we see an extensive pile of buildings, upon the top of which is a lofty round tower, surmounted by a semaphore. This instrument—a really interesting relic now—something to show us what telegraphs were before the very lightning was made to carry our thoughts along the magic wire; this instrument, we say, still may be seen throwing its arms out in the strangest forms, as if declaiming fiercely against electricity for taking away its business, while it telegraphs messages to the shipping in the harbour and at Spithead (for which purpose it is now employed), and defies the electric wire to interfere with that. The pile of buildings beneath the semaphore consists chiefly of the Rigging-house and the Sail-maker's loft.

In the former of these we see the workmen busily engaged in fixing together the various ropes, blocks, and all the infinite varieties of articles comprised under the name of rigging. There are, also, stores here, where the "fitted rigging" is kept, to be ready when required.

In the Sail-maker's loft we see the canvas cut out, sewn together, bound, the ropes sewn around the edge of the sail; and, in fact, the whole business of sail-making. Here, too, the same feeling of bigness seizes the mind, and the men sitting down sewing these immense masses of canvas with a needle and thick twine, struck us as being in most admirable keeping with the rest of the establishment. Here, as everywhere else, we might fancy the workmen a race of Gullivers who had fallen somehow amongst the Brobdignagian workshops, and the group before us seemed to have picked up some fair lady's needlework, on which they were engaged with all their might. In one room we saw a lot of boys stitching away—these, we were informed, were naval apprentices, who were sent there to learn to sew and to mend sails—a very requisite accomplishment sometimes. In this same building there are also stores of sails, each ship's canvas being stowed away by itself, with the name of the ship to which it belongs painted over it.

Near to this building is the "testing machine"—a powerful hydraulic press used for testing the chain-cables, mooring-chains, etc. The chain-cable store is also close by. Here we witnessed the process by which chains, which have become rusty, are cleaned. It consists simply in putting them into a revolving cylinder, together with several small pieces of iron of different shapes; the cylinder being then set in motion by a steam-engine, the chain and the bits of iron so rub over and over against each other that the rust is rubbed off, and falls through small holes in the cylinder. The noise made by the immense chain rolling about in the hollow cylinder is absolutely deafening, and let any one wearing a good coat beware how he goes within some yards of it—unless he wishes to be covered with the rust.

Leaving this corner of the dock-yard, we pass on between some more storehouses, until we come out not far from the Mast-house we have before visited, then walking onward towards the interior of the yard we see on our right a long building, along the side of which are arranged the gigantic anchors, of which we have spoken. This building is the rope-house. It measures 1,097 feet in length, and the floors being very low, the perspective, as we look from one end to the other, seems absolutely interminable. Here, in different stories, we see the hemp spun into yarn, and the yarn again twisted into ropes or strands, and these again into cables of all sizes. The effect of these ropes, with the men at work on them at the extreme end of this long building, is very strange.

Before, however, the yarn is twisted into ropes, it has to be thickly coated with tar. This is effected in the tarring-house close by. On entering here the smell of the tar is almost overpowering to the visitor. The workmen, however, who are breathing that atmosphere for several hours in the course of the day, seem not at all to mind it; one, indeed, assured us that he liked it very much. The yarn is brought from the rope-house wound on reels, from which it is unwound on to other reels by steam-power, passing on its way through a large cistern of boiling tar. Each workman manages two reels at a time; holding some hemp in each of his hands he grasps the yarn, and thus wipes off the superfluous tar, and at the same time guides the yarn properly on the reel.

Still proceeding in a northerly direction from the tarring-house we pass the docks, where we see the ships which are in course of repair. These docks are provided with immense flood-gates, which are closed when the ship is brought into dock, and the water is then pumped out by means of large chain-pumps worked by steam. The ship while in dock is kept in an upright position by propping it in every part with large pieces of timber against the sides of the dock, which follow the outline of the ship.

Just beyond these docks we come to a department of peculiar interest, from the beautiful machinery to be seen working there. We allude to the block-making machinery. Here we see the numerous blocks, or pulleys, used in the rigging of a ship, made in all their parts, from the rough-hewn timber to the finished block. The whole of the varied and intricate processes by which the peculiar shape of each block is given to it, are effected by the different machines in this building. A seventy-four-gun ship requires no less than 1,430 blocks of various sizes, the whole of which can be made at this establishment if necessary in one day, by the aid of the machinery we have mentioned, with the superintendence of only four men. In one part of the building we see circular saws driven at an immense velocity; a solid piece of timber is presented to the saw, and is almost instantly cut up into square pieces the size required for the block. Another machine then turns this square piece into the shape required. Others again make the groove in the block for the reception of the rope by which it is to be fastened to the rigging; cut out the space or spaces in the centre of the block for the "sheaves" (the wheels of the pulley); bore holes for the pins of the sheaves to go through; and, in fact, as we have said before, from the rough wood turn out a finished block. Several of these machines are in principle the same as the lathe, but the peculiar shapes required to be given to the different parts of the block, of course necessitate the application of apparatus very different from that employed in ordinary turning. It is this which makes the machinery so beautiful. We see the great blocks whirling round with such velocity, the splinters and dust flying away in all directions, and the cutting tools eating their way into the very heart of the block, as though nothing but the absolute cutting away of the whole mass could stay their progress. We feel that another moment and the block must be cut completely through; but at the instant we see the operation stopped as if by magic, and the block turned out with exactly the amount, to a hair's breadth, cut from it that was requisite. In another part of the building are the different lathes for turning and shaping the sheaves. These are made of *lignum vitæ*, the hardest wood that can be procured, and they are turned, grooved, and polished, with a precision which only machinery could attain. In the centre of the sheaves, where the pin goes through, a socket of brass is let in. The machine for cutting the groove for this socket is very beautiful; so perfectly and exactly does it cut it to fit the brass. When the brass socket is fitted to it, the whole is placed in a kind of lathe to be planed and polished. Here the same tool cuts away both the wood and the brass, never exerting too much force, so as to cut too deeply in the softer part, and never lacking force to cut quite deep enough when operating upon the metal. Then there are machines for smoothing and polishing the iron pins which form the axes of the pulleys. All these different machines are driven by a steam-engine of thirty-two horse power. Close to the block-making machinery is a large sawing-house, where circular and vertical saws may be seen constantly at work, cutting up large pieces of timber into planks of any thickness required, and with an almost surprising rapidity. These saws, like all the rest of the machinery, are worked by steam, and with such precision do they work that the planks seem scarcely to require the carpenter's plane.

From this department we walk on and view the building slips. Here we see the vessels in course of construction and in every stage of their progress. We went inside of one of these—a vessel of 120 guns. She had only her principal timbers laid down, the decks not having been put in nor any of the framework lined. To describe this sight—or rather the feeling it inspired—when we were standing, as it were, within the skeleton of this mighty monster of the deep, would be no easy task. It seemed indeed to us more like the skeleton of some great animal than anything else we could compare it to. The keel, running right along the centre, made of so many pieces of timber, formed a very fair representative of some gigantic *vertebræ*; while on both sides, throughout its whole extent, sprang out the timbers of its sides—the ribs of the great creature.

Further on we come to the Anchor-smiths' shop. Here is a new scene of wonder! the dark, grimy, smoky atmosphere of the place, relieved every here and there by the fierce glowing of the forge fires, as they are acted upon by the enormous bellows; then the dim outlines of the workmen, as they are seen moving about through the mist and smoke that hangs over the whole; the immense masses of iron heated almost to incandescence; and the sounds of the ponderous hammers striking these masses, and shooting off thousands of brilliant sparks in every direction—a perfect pyrotechnic display. The steam hammer is well worthy of notice, as an instance of the perfect subjection under which the giant steam is held by man. This enormous hammer can be made to descend upon the iron placed beneath it with a force of *ten tons* at every stroke; and yet so docile is it, that it can be made to crack a nut without injuring the kernel. And from these two extremes it can be regulated to strike with any amount of force required to the most exact nicety. Anchors, bolts, and other wrought-iron work are forged in this department; and the visitor is shown how the old scrap iron is tied up in bundles, placed in the furnace, and then forged at the hammer for new uses.

Near to the Anchor-smiths' shop is the New Steam basin, a very large basin used for the repairing of steam-vessels, of which it is capable of containing a very great number. It is a handsomely constructed basin, faced with granite, and having dry docks attached to it, in which steamers undergo repairs that could not be done in the basin. Some very large steamers are often to be seen in course of repairing.

Not far off is a very handsome new range of buildings devoted to the Steam Engine Factory. Here, as the name implies, the various parts of steam-engines are constructed. It is a curious sight. Large masses of iron are turned in lathes, as if they were the softest wood; holes are drilled in immense plates of the same metal with the most perfect facility; and a piece of iron is smoothed by means of a plane, the shavings curling up and falling off, just as we see them at the carpenter's bench. In fact, we see in this factory iron, copper, brass—anything, in short—cut up, bored through, smoothed, and planed, as though the hardness or softness of the material worked upon were immaterial to the mighty agent which sets the machines in motion.

And well might it be so, when we look at this agent itself. A large steam-engine works in an engine-house near to the factory, and gives motion to all the various machinery within it. This engine, which is the largest in the dock-yard, is one of Boulton and Watts' construction. It is of eighty-horse power, has a seven-foot stroke, and the fly-wheel measures twenty-one feet six inches in diameter and weighs twenty-five tons.

Some very extensive smiths' shops are erected close to this engine-house by Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co., the well-known contractors for the Exhibition building of 1851. The roof is supported by iron columns, in which we see the same principle carried out as that employed in the Crystal Palace, the columns being hollow, so as to carry off the drainage from the roof.

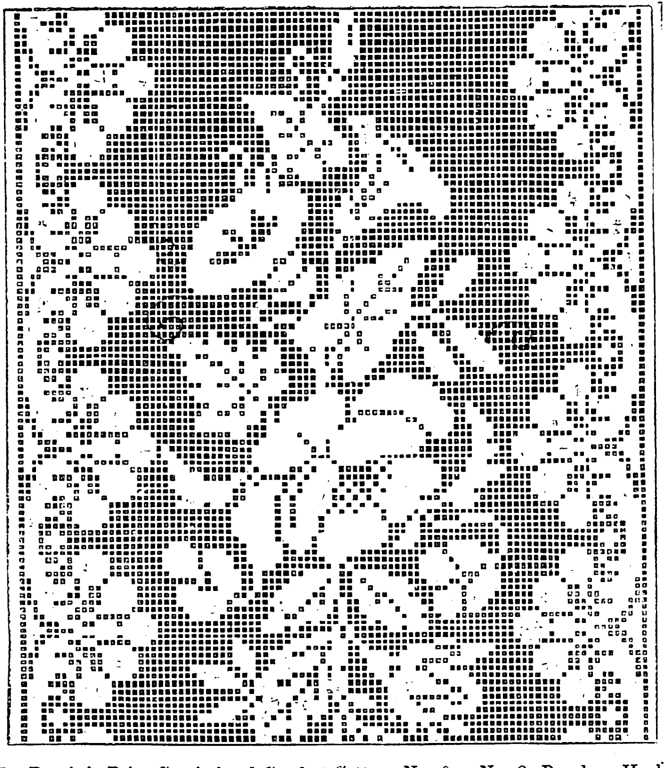
The foundry is an interesting sight. Some of the metal castings are of great size, as they must be to be employed in the immense ships for which they are designed.

Returning from the northern part of the yard, and observing a new battery recently erected, where guns are mounted for the defence of that portion of the establishment, we pass the residences of the principal officers of the establishment. There is, also, here an extensive pile of buildings used as a school of naval architecture, a chapel, a surgery, etc.

In addition to the varied objects we have thus endeavoured to point out, there are innumerable storehouses filled with the various stores required for the naval service; large cisterns, in which the timber is boiled or steamed before using it; immense stacks of timber in course of seasoning, all marked with the description of the wood, and the date when stacked; joiners' shops, carvers' shops, blacksmiths' shops; a canvas shed, where the canvas for hatchway-cloths, hammocks, etc. is painted; boat-houses and boat-ponds, where boats are kept in constant readiness for use. And at almost every corner of the yard are those most important articles—fire-engines and buckets.

Our space, however, warns us that we must quit the dockyard. We have done our best to convey an idea of the numerous and varied processes carried on there. We have felt the difficulty of describing these processes with anything like completeness; still, if we have conveyed any notion of how matters are managed in this great national establishment—if we have imparted to this article any portion of the interest which an inspection of the place cannot fail to afford—our visit to the Portsmouth Dock-yard has not been quite in vain.

OUTSIDE STRIPE FOR BED QUILT.



Use Brooks's Prize Goat's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 0. No. 2, Penelope Hook.